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A CHAT ABOUT BELLS.

MOST of us, looking down the line of our past history, would be able to pick out a few pleasant corners on the road which our memories have glorified, or some more sombre places whose images are burnt into our memories by the fires of sorrow or disaster. The pleasures of the former never die away, and the pains of the latter may by Time be so much blunted that we can dwell upon their recollection with a calmness and resignation very nearly akin to pleasure. Such are the beneficent effects of Time, the healer. A line of thought akin to this has, at times, been called up by hearing, in some quiet country scene—either of burning golden sunset, or of trembling silver moonlight—the sweet, plaintive music of some distant pealing bells. Such a line of thought was called up in our minds by the peal at Northenden Church, whose sweetest of tones has been heard any time for the last hundred years. This beautiful peal has suggested the putting down of a few thoughts about bells in general and about the peals in the neighbourhood.

The first use of bells, as applied to the services of the Christian church, is a question enveloped in considerable obscurity—an obscurity which necessarily arises from its extreme antiquity. Usually the introduction of bells into the Christian churches is ascribed to Paulinus, who, in the beginning of the fifth century, was bishop of Nola, in Italy. But we believe this story has little further to substantiate it than the facts that a belfry was called "campanile," and bells "campanæ," and that Nola was situated in that part of Italy known as "Campania"—evidence which, though tolerably circumstantial, is at least not direct. It is, however, on record that a bell was brought to England about the end of the seventh century for the use of the Abbey of Wearmouth, and that *peals* of bells had, at the time of William the First, become numerous. Their uses in the services of the church were numerous, being applied, with various manners of ringing, for the different days and feasts of the church, and for weddings, funerals and public rejoicings, as shown by the raised inscriptions cast on many of the old peals. We shall presently allude to some of these legends.

The *pealing* of bells and the ringing of *changes* seems to be as undoubtedly an English invention as it still continues to be peculiarly an English institution. There is no doubt that this custom began in early Saxon times, and one authority tells us it was "common before the conquest." The casting of church bells was formerly accompanied with religious services, and after they were tuned they were consecrated,—receiving full baptismal service, baptismal names, sponsors, sprinkling, and anointment. We believe these ceremonies are still fully carried out in countries which adhere to the Roman communion. Some old peals have very curious inscriptions cast on them, showing that each bell was supposed to have its separate duty. Here is a set of mottoes for a peal of six bells:—

Funera plango.	Excito lentos.
Fulgura frango.	Dissipo ventos.
Sabbata pango.	Paco cruentos.
I bewail death.	I rouse the idle.
I break thunderbolts.	I scatter the winds.
I fix the Sabbath.	I tame the cruel.

Another series for six bells is as follows:—

Laudo deo verum.	Defunctos ploro.
Plebem voco.	Pestum fugo.
Congress clerum.	Festa decoro.
I praise the true God.	I lament the dead.
I call the people.	I drive away pestilence.
I assemble the clergy.	I grace a feast.

The use of bell-ringing to drive away storm and lightning, as shown by the lines quoted above, is very old, and is thus quaintly alluded to by Wynkyn de Worde in the *Golden Legend*:—"It is said the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon of th ayre, doubte moche when they here the bells rongen: and this is the cause why the belles ben rongen when it thondreth, and when grate tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the feinds and wicked spirytes shold be abashed and flee and cease of the movyinge of tempeste."

The practice of putting on bells inscriptions apt to their uses—mottoes which seem to make the bells speak for themselves—changed or degenerated in feeling; and later on we find the bells instead of being made to utter pious or moral sentiments, were made to give account of their origin, and sometimes even to exchange small chaff in a pleasant colloquial style. Edward III. built a "clocher," or belfry, in the "Little Sanctuary" at Westminster, and placed in it a peal of bells "for the use of St. Stephen's Chapel," which were known as "Jesus's Bells." Round the largest of these a legend was cast which in the time of bluff King Hal was continued by an additional couplet conveying a dig at that monarch. He and Sir Miles Partridge were gambling together with dice when, in a mad freak, the King staked these bells against £100, posted by Sir Miles. The King lost, and ordered the bells to be taken down, a proceeding which seems to have awakened the satire of some Radical of the times, who added, in charcoal, the two last of the following lines, the two first composing the original raised inscription:—

King Edward made mee thirtes thousand weight and three,
Take mee down and wey mee and more you shall find me.
But Henry the eight
Shall bate me of my weight.

But the sling of the radical seems to have had about as much weight as in any possible similar case it would have in these days—for the bells went, which proves that Henry was either insensible to any antiquarian or reverential feeling, or he was very hard up.

The perfection of bell founding seems to have been arrived at about the period of Henry VIII., though notable bellfounders have existed since, and the art seems to have lost nothing in the hands of makers of our own time. In the old times in England, the facilities of carriage being meagre, bells were often cast in the churchyards adjoining the tower for which the bells were intended; and we believe many instances of pits in which bells were cast remain in churchyards in the north of England still unfilled up. A notable foundry of bells was established at a very early date in Gloucester. A document of the time of Edward II. records that money was paid for bells to "John of Gloster." For several centuries this foundry continued in active operation, dividing the honours of leadership in the craft with a foundry at Whitechapel, London. In 1684 the Gloucester foundry came into the hands of the Rudhall family, successively represented by Abraham sen., Abraham jun., Abel, Thomas, and John, who was the last owner in 1830, when the concern was merged into the Whitechapel foundry. The old term for bell-founder was "Bellzetter," or "Bellyater," or "Bellauter," the corruption of which term remains in Billiter Lane, London, the locality of the ancient foundries.

The Northenden bells were cast in 1750, by A. B. Rudhall, with the exception of the fifth bell, cast, or rather recast, in 1777. The trade-mark of the Rudhalls at this period was the figure of a bell between the initials A. R., and is on the Northenden bells, and also on those at Cheadle and Bowdon. The Didsbury bells were cast by Abraham Rudhall, jun., in 1727, and do not bear this trade-mark, although the Bowdon bells cast by the same Abraham in 1714 do bear it.

The legend cast on the Northenden bells is quaint and curious, but unfortunately its completeness was destroyed by an accident in the cracking of the fifth bell, coupled with the Vandalism of the churchwardens of the period about twenty-seven years after their original casting. What to a virtuoso could have been a more religious duty than to have had the legend which it bore originally put on it again? But the churchwardens seem not to have been virtuosi; they evidently thought it of more consequence to hand down their own names to posterity than to maintain the integrity of the legend. The following is a copy of the mottoes on, having appended the order and tones of, the bells:—

1st Bell (B) HERE GOES MY BRAVE BOYS A (bell) R 1750.
2nd „ (A) I FOLLOW WITH SPIRIT AND PLEASURE A (bell) R 1750.

3rd ,, (G) HARK, HOW MERRY MY FRIENDS ARE BEFORE ME A (bell) R 1750

4th ,, (F) MY HALF NOTE IS THE INCREASE OF YOUR PLEASURE A (bell) R 1750.

5th ,, (E) JOHN BAXTER, THOS DAVENPORT, JAMS WHITELEGG, WARDENS 1777.

6th ,, (D) WHEN WITH MY SWEET TONE YOURE COVERED SIR THE GENEROUS SUBSCRIPTION OF JOHN WORTHINGTON GENT ADDS DIGNITY TO OUR SOUND. A. B. RUDHALL CAST US ALL 1750.

The legend shews very clearly that when the movement was afoot to raise this peal, a subscription was made for a peal of five bells only, but that John Worthington, gent., generously gave the tenor bell at his own expense, as recorded on it. It would appear that the motto on the fifth bell, cast in 1750, had made it suppose it was the last or tenor bell in the peal, but the sixth comes in to "cover" the peal, and tells the reason why. Thanks to the obtusity, or conceit, or want of taste of the wardens of 1777, the true reading is lost for ever. Perhaps, however, instead of blaming them overmuch, we should pity their lot in having lived in an age which committed so many breaches of taste and morals as did that besotted and almost godless age. It is something to be thankful for that, in these days such outrages of taste and decency are not permitted as to defile our churches by wooden galleries inside, hideous and out of place, or of bald "repairs" outside, in the style of factory masonry, and having a horrid ogee-bordered slab, something like a stolen milestone, bearing the date of the repairs and the names of the wardens stuck into the otherwise fair side of the sacred old edifice. The legends on other peals in the neighbourhood are as follows :—

BOWDON.

1st Bell "THE GIFT OF OLD SR GEO BOOTH TO YE YOUNG MEN OF YE PSH 1714.

2nd ,, ABR. RUDHALL CAST VS ALL 1714.

3rd ,, MATTHEW WOOD VICAR HENRY HOUGH PSH CLERK A (Bell) R 1714.

4th ,, SR WM MEREDETH AND FRANCES BARLOW GAVE 3 PND EACH A (Bell) R 1714.

5th ,, EDND LEGH OF BAGULEGH ESQ. AND THOS. ASSHETON ESQ. GAVE 5 PND EACH A (Bell) R AARON WARBURTON DD HOLT IS HANKINSON IMS HEAWOOD CH-WARDENS 1714

6th ,, THE HONR LD DELAMER WAS AT XX PND COST TOWARDS YE BELL. A (Bell) R 1714."

DIDSBURY.

1st Bell "LET VS RING FOR THE CHURCH AND THE KING 1727

2nd Bell "ABR: RUDHALL OF GLOCESTER CAST VS ALL 1727

3rd ,, PROSPERITY TO ALL OVR BENEFACTORS 1727

4th ,, WM. TWYFORD AND THO HOUGH CH-WARDENS 1727

5th ,, ROBERT TWYFORD, MINISTER 1727

6th ,, LADY ANN BLAND & SR IOHN HER SON BART BENEFACTORS 1727"

CHEADLE.

1st Bell "VIGEAT ECCLESIA ANGLICANA A (Bell) R 1749

2nd ,, FLOREAT EPISCOPATUS A (Bell) R 1749

3rd ,, PEREAT SCHISMA A (Bell) R 1749

4th ,, ABIGATUR INFIDELITAS WE WERE ALL CAST AT GLOUCESTER BY ABEL RUDHALL 1749

5th ,, PRISTINA FIDELITAS RESTAURETUR. JOHN ROBINSON, PETER STARKEY THOS BRACEGIRDLE CH-WARDENS

6th ,, GLORIA DEO IN EXCELSIS THO: EGERTON A.M 1749

There is a tradition at Didsbury that the bells now at Northenden were originally cast for Didsbury, but being too large to be got into the steeple were sent to Northenden Church. We think there is no foundation for this statement. The sixth bell at Northenden is proof enough of this. The "Jno. Worthington, gent" who paid for that bell was the Worthington of Sharston Hall, in the parish of Northenden, Cheshire, who would surely subscribe for bells for his own church in preference to one in Lancashire. Then the dates of the peals are equally conclusive on this point—the Northenden peal was cast 23 years *after* the Didsbury.

Most belfries contain painted boards of doggrel rhyme in the ringing-room, which purports to set forth the rules of the place. We give one example, which is in Northenden Belfry:—

RULES TO BE OBSERVED.

You ringers all observe these orders well,
He fourpence pays who overturns a bell,
And he who rings with either spur or hat
Shall pay his sixpence certainly for that;
Whoever rings and does disturb a peal
Shall fourpence pay in money, not in ale.
These orders should in every church be used,
That bells and ringers may not be abused.

The allusion to ringing with "spur or hat" shows these rules to have been made at the time when bell-ringing was a fashionable amusement for the young sprigs of the yeomanry and gentry, which was during the latter half of the last and beginning of the present centuries.

It is one of the "popular delusions" to suppose that the sweetness of old bells depends upon the presence of a certain quantity of silver in the bell-metal alloy. Further than the fact that, at times, patrons of bell have occasionally thrown into the molten metal, just before "running," a gold ring, or some other valuable personal ornament of precious metal, there is absolutely no foundation for such a notion. The best bell metal consists of an alloy of copper and tin only—the proportions considered best being from three to four of copper to one of tin. Silver in any quantity capable of affecting the scund would injure the tone. A bell at Bruges, known to be more than four centuries old, has for ages been known by the distinctive name of *the* Silver Bell; but about forty years ago it was tested, some filings taken from it were analysed, when it was proved not to contain a particle of silver.

Belfries are generally built as part of an edifice, such as a church or a town-hall, but many instances are extant of belfries built apart from the general block. Such are the campaniles of Spain and Italy, the most notable case of all being the leaning tower of Pisa, in Tuscany, which is the belfry of the cathedral, and is built about forty yards away from the church in an open space of ground. There are some instances of this custom in Great Britain. We only know of three, namely: Evesham Abbey, Worcestershire, (a fine example); Berkeley, near Gloucester; and a small example at Rivington Church, near Horwich. Sometimes, where a church was built in a deep glen, the belfry was put on one of the neighbouring heights. Instances of this occur at St. Feve in Cornwall, and at Ardclach and Aldbar in Scotland.

The ringing or tolling of bells for a summons to the service was originally done in the transept, at or near the bisection with the nave, because it was considered almost as one of the sacred offices of the service. The bells are tolled in this place at Durham Cathedral to this day. In later times, when both people and clergy became more lax, the ropes were banished to a more obscure place, but still in some situation in direct communication with the body of the church. In still later and laxer times they were put into a ringing room in the belfry, and quite cut off from connection with the inside of the church. The ringing room at Northenden Church was one of the older and better sort, for it was in the bottom of the belfry, which was formerly open by a great arch to the western end of the nave. But, alas! a wooden gallery now disfigures the west end of the nave, an organ hides the arch, which is boarded up to separate the ringers from the congregation, and a floor has been made in the steeple to form a room for the ringers above and for the vestry below. These acts of Vandalism were perpetrated about the end of last century. May the time soon come when these and all other similar blots on our churches may be wiped out wherever they are found!

NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE

BY THE AUTHOR OF LOTHAIR.

Pray Goldy try to moderate the rancour of your tongue.

IN RE ROYLE.

Mr. Thomas Royle, of this city, is the best maker of bowls, and one of the best bowlers in England. He ought to have been christened Tom Bowling.

ROBIN.

BLITHE Robin's a rover, and so is the bee,
Which lightsomely frolics o'er moorland and lea—
Kissing from blooming lips oft and again
A daintier nectar than kings can obtain.

Blithe Robin's a rover, and knows where to find
The sweet honey blossom that best suits his mind;
Where ripe lips are waiting to give him his fill
Of something a king might think daintier still.

Blithe Robin's a rover, and sings with the bee
A true-hearted ditty of innocent glee;
And the strain of their music in meadow or grove
Goes hey! for the honey sweet lips that we love.

But Robin remembers the bee has a hive,
And Robin remembers that Robin must wive;
So he cares for the future, and gathers a store
For the days when his bright summer ramble is o'er.

And through all his pleasant philandering, he
Is storing his hive just as well as the bee;
And his song when abroad he no longer may roam,
Will be—hey! for the honey sweet kisses of home.

STREET CRIES.

IT seems strange that people who have many things of which they might justly be proud are found to plume themselves upon some fancied excellency or distinction which, if it exist at all, is trivial or unimportant. An ordinary middle-class Londoner, for instance, one of the settled aboriginal inhabitants, will, on hearing that you are "from the country," discourse you with animation upon London Cries—"quite a curiosity, I can assure you." The thing is now, whatever it was once, scarcely more than a remembrance or tradition of former days; and there is little left but the milkman's "miaou," which seems to have survived its caustic translation of mi-eau—half water. Indeed, there is much more in our own city to be heard of men, women, and boys exercising their several "callings;" and by a strange kind of inverse proportion, the smaller the streets are the more they are frequented by these wandering dealers. One end of our town-residence abuts on a long old-fashioned thoroughfare, which was a street when its wider neighbours existed only on the surveyor's plan, or in the imagination of the land-agent. For the inhabitants of these comparative boulevards, the Emporium throws open its gilded halls, and the Mart or the Exchange issues its circulars and handbills by the million, chiming, with the sparrow, eternally—"cheap, cheap!" For the peripatetic tradesman, then, one of these streets is as the broad road that leadeth to destruction; and accordingly, he, for the most part, religiously avoids them. That old franchise bird, the Ten Pound Householder, is the favourite quarry of him who follows hawking in the modern time, and the dweller in, not tents, but tenements—say those at five shillings a week, with gas fittings and Venetian blinds as fixtures—patroniseth him largely.

Those whom we regard chiefly in the light of offenders are the early birds, allured probably by the prospective earlier worm, and are (some of them) common indeed to the good streets and to the smaller ones. The news boy is fast becoming a nuisance, with his loud matutinal chant of "*Guardian*, *Examiner*, and *Courier*." Let him, if he please, drop our journal quietly in our letter-box, or slide it noiselessly under our front door; but why should he stop under our window, and intone the newspaper antiphon with such cadenzal vigour, and then go and repeat it just across the way, and so, thoroughly awake us. We are certainly the last to desire to interfere with the liberty of the press, but to put a period or full stop to our slumbers by half-past five or so is a liberty that we would fain he took elsewhere. We can assure him that we are not in such a hurry to devour the *Guardian's* lucubrations over the Danubian Principalities, or to see the *Examiner's* last hit at the bishops, or to get hold of even the *Courier*, with its full report of the last Divorce Scandal on one page, and the Primitive Wesleyan New Connexion Methodist Annual Conference at Habergham Eaves or Biggleswade on the other, as to rise at that hour and exchange our sweet sleep and quiet breathing for another weary day in the restless and unquiet world. Besides, what delights, what wealth, what position one is suddenly robbed of! How disgusting it is to be bawled out of vast estates by a dirty urchin with no cap to speak of and breeches not worth mentioning, or summoned suddenly from some royal festival, to find that our only connection with royalty was that we had been sleeping on a Tudor bedstead. Not but what, on the other hand, the delivery of our paper has, at the same time, accomplished our own delivery from slavery or an impending last interview with the "ordinary" and several representatives of the press!

From our adjoining street, man goeth forth at six o'clock to his work and to his labour. So, as soon as he has stamped his way past, why, being gone, we are asleep again. Man disturbs not now nor woman either for some time, and it is not until breakfast that we become aware of the existence of one or two passersby of the Sandemanian persuasion, commonly known as sandmen. These persons invite you to come unto those yellow and white sands and lay your bones there, by which you accomplish a kind of earn burial, and obtain in return the stone of rubbing, or even the brick of Bristol. As an accompaniment to these solos, the tooting of the German band at a distance is faintly heard, playing in the front street. The riches of the lane are not for them, as they know,—reserved rather for their regular attendants, the professors of the hand-organ or French piano, who are punctual as the stars in their courses. One is next loudly and cordially invited to see if we are the fortunate possessors of "any old rags," or, as he rather disrespectfully suggests, "old rubbish," and to "look 'em up." There is such a merry and cheerful ring in the fellow's voice that it is difficult, after having been thus adjured three or four days a week, not to feel as, if we ought to have "looked 'em up," though where to look, and, indeed, for the matter of that, what to look for, would puzzle us thoroughly.

In the winter we must, if frequent solicitation could have effected it, have fed chiefly on rabbits, for we have frequently had in sight, and, alas, within hearing, also, three "parties" or a party of three, vociferating at any time between eight o'clock and three p.m. that tender but insipid animal's name in so many different keys, remarkable for that peculiar style of attire and chevelure which we recognised lately among the favoured guests at the *petit souper* given to or by Mr. Edward Wright, the prison sympathiser. Another Wright by the way! Do these sympathies run in the Wright family, or is it somehow connected with the difference between right and wrong? Moreover if, as it is said, two wrongs don't make a right, do two Wrights make one wrong? There seems something here, if one could only fathom it.

The old clothes-man does not materially differ from the "Clo" in general, and boots, hats, and umbrellas equally suit his digestion. He is sometimes female, or at least feminine in dress, and, as a rule, Hibernian, supposed even to be occasionally addicted to the "wearing of the green." If they stick to their old habits, where on earth do they get their opinions from. Surely they must take them up second hand too.

Fish in this neighbourhood may be said to swarm. No net is required, nor is any hook, save a silver or copper one, at all necessary to ensnare either the humble herring or the lordly salmon. Haddock, as yet unsmoked, is followed by the gorgeous mackerel, which is not, as might be thought from its name, a Scotch fish. The cry of the sole is also now heard in our land, and flukes abound to an extent that would almost make a billiard marker die with envy. No representative of the butcher is to be found or heard, but you may go in for vegetables to an extent that would delight Mr. Ragout Chutnee, sen., or even the jun., for that matter, if there is such a person. In the winter one seldom gets beyond the shilling a hundred walnuts; but just now the contending factions of "gooseberry pie" and "strawberry ripe" loudly vaunt their glories; and even "wimberry ripe" asserts its claims to preference.

All these, however, are but the several Cynthias of the minute to the well-established perennial, the dry goods merchant. Of carpet slippers, tin ware, and all kinds of wire made ingenuities we can say as little as we can of the dealers in clothes-props, clothes-maidens, and hassocks or footstools, locally named buffets. But here comes a small cottage on wheels. What have we here? Brushes chiefly, with coopers' ware,

basket-work, and door-mats, or "bears," as they used to be called—though why, goodness only knows. But for the matter of that, why mats? and echo answers Hibernically, why? This has scarcely got out of the lane when another institution, a huge tray, or small platform on wheels, lumbers along. The man with "potses" his customers call him; and they crowd round him to inspect his stock of crockery, salt, washing liquor, and varied miscellanies. Nearly every one buys something, and then on he goes. Once or twice a month comes a little man with—what do you think?—coloured paper patterns for women's and children's dresses! These are certainly the oddest things to go crying about the streets; and we certainly thought that hawking had reached its climax when we saw this.

But the neighbourhood is great in "pennorths." Indeed many of the inhabitants will spend a penny now and then when they would not buy at all sooner than pay more. The herb woman, a tall, gaunt person, with all manner of draggle-tail clothing, carries huge bundles, fastened about her from her head to where one might consider the waist would be, of "yarbs" of various kinds—"nettles, dandelion, camomile a pen—ny"—and on a certain day in the week a flying stationer announces the stock he carries to be sold in various lots at the universal penny. "Envelopes, a penny a dozen." "Copy books and memorandum books, a penny a piece." "Children's school books and slates and old Moore's almanacs, a penny each." "A dozen of steel pens and a penholder for a penny." With many another article or lot in a tale almost as long as the catalogue of the Chetham College Museum, and each a "penny."

But to name the several trades would be almost to compile a directory. They manage, we suppose, to pick up some kind of a living, and they are not without use to the people among whom they go. Last scene of all is the supper-man, with his brass ornamented tin vessel on wheels, filled at one time with roast' potatoes, all hot, and at another crying hoarsely, "hot peas, peas all hot," and stopping at intervals to whistle. He stood the other night, with his lantern-lighted oven, opposite our corner, just as we were about to jump into bed, and we bade him good-night and a *Pax vobiscum*.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

A ROMANTIC RAMBLE.

THINGS are desperately dull. We must not, therefore, be too hard upon the newspaper contributor for any little escapades he may commit. His task is an unenviable one: to furnish news, when there is no news to furnish; to be humorous, when there is nothing to be humorous about. We take all this into our most lenient consideration when we wonder what on earth possesses a certain weekly reporter to chronicle with great chuckling the collapse of the street-railway movement in this city. We are sorry to spoil the merriment of anyone, but the hilarity displayed upon this subject in the quarter indicated is calculated to create a false impression on the public mind. Moreover, the reaction which a knowledge of the truth will cause in the reporter's spirits, may, if his hilariousness be suffered to continue unabated, do him very serious injury, and perhaps deprive the public of the weekly benefit of his impartial wisdom. Let it be known, then, that the private bills are all alive, awaiting the enactment or the rejection of the public measure.

THE BISHOP ON BONNETS.

The Bishop of Manchester, who seems to be one of the most simple-minded of men, remarked a few days since that he was shocked, when he came out of St. Matthew's Church, Campfield, to encounter large crowds of rough men and women *without bonnets*. We wonder how many women among the congregation who heard the Bishop preach on that occasion wore what could be called a bonnet? We have not seen one for some months. St. Paul made some remark about women not appearing uncovered in the Church. The Deansgate women don't wear bonnets because they have not got any, and they don't attend Church because they don't know what it means, or anything about it. Dr. Fraser is a man of sense and does not care two straws about conventionalities. We venture to say that, if either he or some of the clergy will boldly preach occasionally in the open air in Campfield or any other open place, they will do more good to the bonnetless women outside than they now do to the women who attend Church regularly and wear false hair cut from poor girls' heads, instead of bonnets. The Rev. T. R. Bentley, of St. Matthew's, worthy gentleman, linguist, musician, and should-be canon of Manchester, knows the neighbourhood—suppose he were to try it. We heard a man with a loud voice preach the other Sunday evening in Mulberry street, Deansgate, standing upon a chair. We think he is what is called a Ranter, but after listening to his unsophisticated remarks for ten minutes, we are bound to admit that we felt considerably edified, and went home in a thoughtful frame of mind.

"LITTLE EM'LY" AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

There are such things as "literal translations" from the classics. Everyone knows what they are. In the process of translation, the fine subtle spirit, the unexplainable, incommunicable bloom evaporates, and nothing but the material outlines remain. Just such a transformation has Mr. Halliday effected for *David Copperfield* in his adaptation of *Little Em'ly*. The framework, no doubt, is there—the prosaic facts, the bare plot, the skeleton as it were of the novelist's creation—but the humour, the feeling, the charm of the original are gone. It is quite possible Mr. Halliday has made the best of his materials; the question is whether he should have used them for the stage at all, and no one, we apprehend, who has read *David Copperfield* will hesitate as to the answer. The acting, on the whole, is careful but weak, and making due allowance for the defective nature of the playwright's workmanship, it is evident that some of the actors are overweighted with their parts. It is needless, and would, perhaps, be unjust to criticize the performance too curiously, for be the acting good or bad, nothing can obliterate the one overwhelming impression that *David Copperfield* ought never to have been transferred from the book to the stage. This company, which is stated to have been selected by Mr. Joseph Eldred, who, by the way, does not himself appear, is the fourth we have had at the Prince's Theatre during the summer season, and we hear that another from the Lyceum will shortly appear in the burlesque, *The Little Faust*. The growth of the itinerant company system is clearly destined to be the most notable incident in the dramatic annals of the year.

THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the artist, in his recently-published novel, *Wenderholme*, notes in a tone of regret the probable early extinction of the Lancashire dialect or folk-speech. "One might," he says, "write a dissertation to prove the vigour, the terseness, and the venerable antiquity of this variety of speech, which ought to be studied as an independent idiom, and not confounded with corrupt and vulgar English, like the English of the uneducated Londoner. But such a dissertation would be written, however eloquently, in vain. The old provincial languages are passing away from the face of the island, and the time is at hand when the pure dialect of Lancashire will have given place to the English of the schoolmaster and the penny-a-liner. This may be in many ways a great gain. It will bring an important population into closer and easier relation with the other inhabitants of the island. But it will not be an unmixed gain; and a thousand pregnant turns of expression, a thousand keen-edged phrases that have been sharpened by the wit of many generations, will be lost for ever to our soft-tongued posterity." There is no doubt Mr. Hamerton is substantially right. Except from the lips of the older inhabitants, or in the remoter nooks and corners of the county, the dialect in its strength and purity is now rarely heard, and its total disappearance at no very distant date is apparently inevitable. In the interests of philology it is to be hoped that steps will ere long be taken for the compilation, by competent hands, of a complete glossary of a folk-speech which is known to contain the largest number of the oldest English words of any existing dialect.

LANCASHIRE V. YORKSHIRE.

The so-called county match between the gentlemen of Lancashire and those of Yorkshire, which took place at the end of last week, clearly showed that while much of the cricketing strength of Lancashire is possessed by amateurs, the same cannot be said of Yorkshire. The home eleven was, almost without exception, excellent, both batting and bowling being splendidly represented. It is true the Yorkshire bowling was not very powerful, and the fielding was wonderfully bad, but it is equally true that

the batting was superior enough to have troubled stronger bowlIng. The number of individually great scores in the Lancashire innings was very unusual. Mr. Hornby, of whose cricket we have more than once expressed a very decided opinion, led off with the enormous score of 177. Mr. A. B. Rowley followed with 94, made in a masterly style, which reminded spectators of many a bye-gone game; and Mr. Dewhurst, who is young enough to make us hope for even greater things, played a good innings of 59. The total, 525, was one of the largest scores ever made on the ground, though an enthusiastic Yorkshireman professed to find some consolation in the reflection "that they got more last time." The first innings of the Yorkshire was a triumph for the Lancashire bowling. In a second attempt considerable improvement was made, yet it seems wildly improbable that defeat could have been avoided. Though the match ended nominally in "a draw," we may safely congratulate our county on having gained what was practically a hollow victory.

BANKING INTELLIGENCE.

We understand that Mr. Patterson, formerly of Messrs. A. and S. Henry and Co., who became a managing director of the Manchester and Liverpool District Bank about a year since, has resigned his post. The Union Bank is about to extend its premises very considerably, having taken the adjoining warehouse in South Lancashire Buildings.

ST. MARY'S, HULME.

"One of the Choir," in answer to a letter in our last number, signed "B," and dated Chester, gives the following as an explanation of the clergyman's proceedings:—"So long as the services please the congregation, we think the opinion of an outsider from Chester as to the pace will be of little importance: and since the Rubric at the end of the form of Solemnization of Matrimony declares 'It is convenient that the new married persons receive the Holy Communion at the time of their marriage, or at the first opportunity after their marriage,' we cannot see that the officiating priest exceeded his duty or became 'inquisitive and insulting' in asking this unfortunate bridegroom for his confession of faith. Such enquiries are always made, in order that new married persons, if Churchmen, may be exhorted to avail themselves of those privileges from which all Dissenters cut themselves off by their schism."

ATHLETIC COMPOSITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—The article headed "The Athletic Mania" in your last issue but one of the *Sphinx* is an abominable disgrace, and I beg to say that if you cannot find subjects more deserving of your ill-written satire the *Sphinx* will very soon be *non est*. I think you will do well to give some little explanation of the above in your next issue. Yours truly,

REASON.

[The only "little explanation of the above" which we can give is, that our athletic correspondent has cultivated the strength of his body at the expense of that of his head.]

QUACK DOCTORS' AND TIPSTERS' ADVERTISEMENTS.

Under the title of "newspaper cleansing," the *Saturday Review* has been waging a vigorous war during the past two months upon three daily newspapers and one weekly journal in London, for inserting the announcements of quack doctors and other unsavoury persons in their advertising columns. In this crusade it has been powerfully supported by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The result of the combined attack so far has been the discontinuance of the discreditable though remunerative practice by the *Observer* and the *Daily Telegraph*; whilst a letter from Mr. James Grant, the editor, shows that the cuticle of the *Morning Advertiser* has also been pierced. The *Standard* as yet has made no sign, but we have little doubt that it must erelong capitulate. The *Saturday* will then be able to devote its attention to the exposure of the London weekly journals and the daily papers in the country. Strange as it may seem, there are daily newspapers in Lancashire, and even in Manchester, which consent to make a profit out of quack announcements. The *Guardian* yielded to the appeals of the *Lancet* some years ago, but if we are not greatly mistaken it found no imitators among its contemporaries. The *Saturday* remarks very truly that "there is hardship and injustice and inconsistency in making certain advertisements punishable when stuck up in public places, and permitting them to appear in public prints. Some poor wretch of a bill-sticker was punished in the Police Courts a week or two ago for placarding the advertisement of some obscure quack doctor." A man was fined forty shillings and costs, at the Manchester Police Court, on Tuesday last, for distributing handbills of a similar nature. "But the *Standard* and *Advertiser* publish with daily impunity what is infinitely more demoralizing." And the *Saturday* goes on to advocate a government prosecution of newspapers which offend in this way against public morality and public policy. It is almost futile to hope that the same journal will use its influence to secure the suppression of tipsters' betting announcements, because the London daily papers are apparently free from the evil. Elsewhere, however, the "cleansing is much needed." It is a noteworthy fact that Admiral Rous has joined Sir Joseph Hawley (with whom he appears to agree in nothing else), in his advocacy of the abolition of list houses and betting advertisements.

A BOWLING MATCH.

BROUGHTON VERSUS CHEETHAM HILL.

NOT so many years since, Manchester citizens were in the habit of making excursions into the country of an afternoon or evening for the purpose of finding fresh air and enjoying a game of bowls. The said country at that time was represented by such suburbs as Broughton Cheetham Hill, Kersal Moor, Ardwick, Longsight, Rusholme, and Old Trafford. Such distant places as Eccles, Didsbury, Prestwich, or Cheadle, not to speak of Bowdon, Bucklow Hill, or Hoo Green, were places too remote to be thought of, except upon special occasions. The bowling-greens of those days were almost invariably attached to snug, old-fashioned, and comfortable hostelries, some of which had clubs, the members of which, by paying a subscription for the season and retaining the rights of electing their own members, had the privilege of reserving the green exclusively to themselves for so many afternoons, according to agreement. Some of these still exist, but owing to the natural course of events, or what some people pompously call "the march of civilization," they are fast disappearing. Owing to the rapid increase of population, and the prodigious extension of the town in the shape of houses and streets, which have sprung up like so many mushrooms, the old greens have become deteriorated, have lost their privacy, and are no longer places of quiet retreat to the jaded citizen. To this state of things a remedy has been found in the formation of private greens, some of which are the absolute property of the clubs.

Of late years excellent bowling-greens have been made at Fallowfield, Moss Side, Stretford, Longford, and other places, and the Broughton, Cheetham Hill, Longsight, and Western Cricket Clubs have all bowling-greens attached to their cricket fields. Whether this policy has or has not damaged cricket is a moot question. It has, however, supplied a large amount of innocent and healthy amusement to a great number of people who live in the vicinity of the clubs. As a proof of the increased popularity of the game, and its extension in this district, we may mention that the Messrs. Royle, of this city, made something like 400 pairs of bowls in the course of last year; and as a good pair, such as these makers can turn out, will last at least an ordinary life-time, the incidental expenses connected with the game are very trifling, and it is about as cheap an outdoor amusement as a man can find.

The Cheetham Hill and Broughton Cricket Clubs played the first game of their annual home-and-home bowling match last week on the Broughton green. The Broughtonians had the advantage of playing on their own ground, which was in excellent order, although in consequence of recent rains it was not so fine as we have seen it. However, upon the whole, this was perhaps an additional advantage to them, as they play in a very bold slashing style, the result of constant practice on a very large green. This sweeping style of play is, however, quite compatible with a small or a very fine green when it is combined with delicacy of touch and suppleness of wrist. Players of all varieties of style seem to get near the jack, but the player who stands bolt upright, and, concentrating his sight upon the block, gets swiftly down and delivers his wood close to his foot, has an immense advantage over the player who squats upon his haunches and sends up his bowl with a

thrust or jerk. We don't say that the Cheetham Hill bowlers have this bad style of delivery. Not at all, but they seem to us to suffer from the effects of playing on a small green, and on this occasion seemed to lack confidence to play far enough. Hitherto, the Broughtonians have been invariably successful over their opponents, but, nothing daunted, the Cheetham Hill players invariably come up to the scratch. No doubt, fortune will favour them some day, as she did the Cambridge crew this year, after their successive defeats by Oxford. Last week the game resulted in favour of Broughton by 52 points. There were twelve players on each side, six double and twelve single games being played. So far, this is a good victory for Broughton; and whether their opponents can reverse it, on the return match on their own ground, seems to be rather an arduous task. However, "every cock on his own dunghill," and the Cheetham Hill green is such a peculiar one that it is quite possible they may snatch a victory from their opponents, notwithstanding the odds which they have to contend against.

Bowling is a game suitable to men of any age, but chiefly does it commend itself to middle-aged fogies and elderly gentlemen. Anybody can play after some fashion, as there is nothing to do but stoop down and trundle one round ball of wood after another. To play scientifically is quite another matter, and can only be accomplished by those who have a natural aptitude for the game, and bestow pains and attention upon it. As a proof that good bowling is quite compatible with age, we may here record the fact that, at the match last week, an elderly gentleman on the Broughton side, or rather we should call him a gay and sprightly youth were it not that his baptismal register attests that he has considerably passed the usual span of life allotted to man by the Psalmist,—this veteran, whose age, like Shakespere's old Adam, and for the same reason, "is as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly," played as strong and vigorous a game as any player on either side, and polished off his opponents in excellent style.

The greatest incentive to good bowling is match-playing. Without rivalry, responsibility, and emulation, no perfection in the game can be obtained. People may amuse themselves after a dreary fashion by playing everlastingly among themselves, in a lazy, perfunctory manner, which soon ceases to be interesting, and without the experience of playing in matches they will never attain any eminence in play. People cannot play in a state of abstraction, or if they are not in good condition, or have anything troubling their mind, body, or estate. Now in playing a match, the player is compelled to concentrate his mind upon the game. The consequence is, that he learns to take pains, and he derives both mental and physical benefit from the exertion. Serenity of mind is absolutely necessary in order to play well, and if the player does not happen to be in such a state naturally, he must contrive to get into it by a strong effort of the will. Match-playing is the best stimulant for producing self-command, coolness, and attention. Imagine cricket without matches. Suppose a club confined themselves to playing scratch matches among themselves, what would become of play? It would degenerate at once, become effete, slack, and good-for-nothing. Shooting, boating, cricket, and other games not only require practice, which cannot be kept up without some special object in view, but they require criticism and an audience. Match-playing produces the necessary stimulant. The bowlers at Broughton last week played with all the eagerness and keenness but coolness of veterans. Confidence is half the battle. How can a man play if he is in a state of nervousness and excitement? His nerves and muscles will not obey his wishes and intentions. Probably in such a state, he will either feebly trundle his bowls half-way up, or send them frantically off the green.

In a former number of the *Sphinx* we described a bowling tournament and the various peculiarities, attitudes, and mannerisms of different players. It is unnecessary for us, therefore, on this occasion, to go over the same ground. During the game, the individual idiosyncracies of the players are strongly developed. A man must be a precious hypocrite, or a most consummate actor, if something of his real nature does not come out during the game. Some use their speech to conceal their thoughts, some blurt out in strong language any fleeting emotion of the mind, some appear to think so much that they never speak at all, but confine themselves to an occasional grunt of satisfaction or the reverse, according to circumstances, while others again indulge in all manner of senseless cries and incoherent noises. Thus the bowler has the opportunity of combining a healthy amusement, requiring some skill, with the study of mankind. There is the blatant, boasting bowler; the bowler whose eagerness betrays itself in all manner of bodily contortions similar to those for which Uriah Heep of "umble" memory was famous; the eager, keen bowler, who plays as if his life was at stake; the listless, shiftless bowler, who gets bullied by his partner; the nagging bowler, who worries his partner and himself at the same time; the desponding bowler; the hilarious bowler; the cunning, crafty bowler; the rusty, crusty bowler; the clumsy bowler, who like a lively hippopotamus gets in among the "woods" with his great feet; all sorts and conditions of players—lucky, plucky, funking, fluking, stupid, clever, serious, comic, noisy, taciturn and torpid; as numerous as old Polonius's players—the best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical-pastoral, scene individual, or poem unlimited. By a poetical fiction we may say that Shakespere was a bowler, for in the lines beginning with the Rugged Pyrrhus, which he puts into the mouth of the First Player, does he not use the line—

> And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven.

That bowls was a game practised in the reign of Queen Elizabeth we know from ample historical records. Quoits were known to the ancient Greeks, and we see no reason to doubt why bowls should have been known to the ancient Britons.

DICKENS AND MANCHESTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—In your interesting note on the late Charles Dickens's visits to Manchester you state truly that he was unable to accompany Jerrold, Frank Stone, Lemon, and others, when they took part in one of the annual literary soirées which made the Athenæum famous some twenty years ago. But he was present at one of those yearly gatherings, I think in 1848, and delivered a capital address, which is doubtless duly preserved in the archives of the institution. So popular was he at the time that he was literally besieged for his autograph; so, at the instance of some astute director, he sat down at a table and began to write his name in the fashion which was his wont, then and since, and these autographic mementoes were sold for the benefit of the funds of the Athenæum (then heavily in debt) at one guinea each. I believe a considerable sum was realized. I know that Mr. Dickens was kept at work for a most unconscionable time, but he acquiesced in the beneficial labour most cheerfully.

Another of his appearances in Manchester was on the occasion of the opening of the Free Library, in Campfield, in 1852. He had been playing here the night before, and for many nights up and down the country in Bulwer Lytton's Comedy *Not so Bad as we Seem*, and at the morning meeting in the ex-Hall of Science, in Campfield, he followed, as luck would have it, Sir Edward (now Lord) Lytton, and was succeeded by Mr. Thackeray. The two great novelists were deputed to propose and second a resolution specially approving of the free lending department of the library, and declaring that the meeting cherished a hope that the books thus made available would "prove a source of pleasure and improvement in the cottages, the garrets, and the cellars of the poorest of the people." Mr. Thackeray created something like a sensation by breaking down in his address and abruptly resuming his seat, apparently in a state of mental confusion. Mr. Dickens, of course, as a practised speaker, successfully accomplished his duty. As what he said was short and characteristic and locally interesting, perhaps you may be willing to place it on record in your pages as a memento of his connection with our city. Having read the resolution, he proceeded:—"Limiting what I shall say to two very brief heads, I would beg to observe, firstly, that I have been made happy, since I have been sitting here, by the solution of a problem which has long perplexed me. I have seen so many references made in newspapers, parliamentary debates, and elsewhere, to 'the Manchester school,' that I have long had a considerable anxiety to know what that phrase might mean, and what the Manchester school might be. My natural curiosity on this head has not been diminished by the very contradictory accounts I have received respecting that same school; some great authorities assuring me that it was a very good one, some that it was a very bad one; some that it was very broad

and comprehensive, some that it was very narrow and limited; some that it was 'all cant,' and some that it was all cotton. Now I have solved this difficulty by finding here to-day that the Manchester school is a great free school, bent on carrying instruction to the poorest hearths. It is this great free school, inviting the humblest workman to come in and to be a student,—this great free school, munificently endowed by voluntary subscriptions, in an incredibly short space of time—starting upon its glorious career with twenty thousand volumes of books—knowing no sect, no party, and no distinction; nothing but the public want and the public good. Henceforth this building shall represent to me the Manchester school. And I pray to heaven, moreover, that many great towns and cities, and many high authorities, may go to school a little in the Manchester seminary, and profit by the noble lesson that it teaches. In the second and last place allow me to observe that, like my friend, Sir E. Lytton, I exceedingly regret my inability to attend that other interesting meeting in the evening. I should have rejoiced to have seen in this place, instead of myself, and to have heard in this place, instead of my voice, the voice of a working man of Manchester, to tell the projectors of this spirited enterprise with what feelings he and his companions regard their great and generous recognition here. I should have rejoiced to hear from such a man, in the solid and nervous language in which I have often heard such men give utterance to the feelings of their breasts, how he knows that the books stored here for his behoof will cheer him through the struggles and toils of his life,—will raise him in his self-respect—will teach him that capital and labour are not opposed, but are mutually dependant and mutually supporting,—will enable him to tread down blinding prejudices, corrupt misrepresentations, and everything but the truth, into the dust. Gentlemen and ladies, I have long been, in my sphere, a zealous advocate for the diffusion of knowledge amongst all classes and conditions of men; because I do believe, with all the strength and might with which I am capable of believing anything, that the more a man knows, the more amply, and with the more faithful spirit, he comes back to the fountain of all knowledge, and takes to his heart the great and sacred precept, "On earth peace, good will towards men." And well assured I am that that great precept, and those other things I have hinted at, as pleasant to have heard here to-day from a working man, will rise higher and higher, above the beating of hammers, the roar of wheels, the rattle of machinery, and the rush of water, and be more and more clearly felt, through every pulsation of this great heart, the better known and used this institution is."—I am, Sir, yours truly,

R. A. B.

Manchester, July 4.

RAMBLES IN NORTH WALES.

2.—ON THE COAST OF MERIONETHSHIRE.

ON a fine summer evening, having dined well at our inn, and smoked a quiet contemplative pipe in a lazy stroll about the churchyard and through the tortuous streets of Dolgelly, a quaint sleepy old town that lies in a hollow of the mountains at the foot of Cader Idris, we start out with three friends for a ten mile walk along the estuary of the Mawddach to Barmouth. A couple of miles along a leafy road brings us to a broad grassy space between the mountains, and to the confluence of the streams that pour their waters into the estuary. A pleasant vale, traversed by the sea breezes, with Cader Idris and its black frowning precipices towering up there on the left above the lower pine-clad ridges, and to the right other heights, pine-clad also, but of lesser magnitude, the rock masses of which have in some places been blasted to make the smooth way along which we are walking. At every turn of the road there are new combinations of picturesque beauty, of wood and stream, mountain and fruitful field. Gradually the margin of the river narrows in, the water, swollen with the tide, widens, until rounding a point, we catch sight of the sea, shining over a sandy bar miles away, crossed by the thin gracefully-arched line of a railway bridge. We are travelling westward, and the level rays of the setting sun strike along the courses of the hills, and, falling on scarped cliff and rugged peak, invest them with a glory of colour so delicate and changeful that while we look it is gone, and only the cold grey of the passionless rock remains.

It is well nigh dark as we drop down into Barmouth, and, passing through its long narrow street with rock-terraced houses and the sand drift in it, reach the Cors-y-Gedol Arms, where we take up our quarters for the night. In the morning we

> Stroll down to the shore, and
> Watch the curled white of the coming wave;

Then retrace our steps of overnight; past the solid-fronted, rock-built houses with festoons of roses hanging from their walls, and the smoke of their chimnies entering the doors of other houses above them; through the queer, straggling, lazy street of shops and cottages, to the railway bridge beyond, which crosses the estuary where it is more than a mile in width. Half way over the bridge we halt to look up the river. The tide is out, and has left a broad expanse of yellow sand strewed with stranded boats, tangled sea-weed, and myriads of shells. A stiff breeze from the north-west roars through the wooden piers, and the sky, overcast with clouds, throws into deep shadow the sombre mountains that rise up on either hand. The river from here has been compared to the Rhine, and one of our party, who has seen both, affirms that this loses nothing by the comparison. Having lingered sufficiently long we walk back to our inn, strap on our knapsacks, and take the road northward towards Harlech. Our way lies along the coast, and within sight of the sea. At an angle of the road we turn to take a last look at Barmouth, which lies mapped out clear and distinct below us, and then set our faces forward invigorated by the fine sea air. Down by the shore to our left is a narrow tract of land that loses its greenness in a row of sand hills beyond which, far as the eye can see along the coast line, the waves break in tender curving lines of creamy spray. Here and there, too, are headlands crested with storm-beaten trees that lean wearily backward to the land. Looking out over Cardigan Bay we can see the peninsular of Carnarvonshire from the mainland to its farthest point, with the little island of Bardsey lying like a black cloud at the edge of it. To our right is cultivated ground rising gradually to barren hills and wilder tracts beyond, and over all a somewhat stormy sky, through which the sunlight breaks in fitful gleams. So we go on for miles, in a fashion that by some might be voted monotonous, by reason of the endless repetition of field, and sand, and surge, and cloudland. In time we come to the little hamlet of Llanddwywe, where we call a halt at the modest public house that hides itself from the road behind the church. The latter (apparently in part rebuilt) a plain stone building, with a bell cot, bears the date 1598 over its door.

Pushing on after a brief rest we pass the ancient lodge of Cors-y-Gedal, an old baronial mansion of the Mostyns, with an avenue of limes a mile long leading to the hall. Beyond this we go through scattered groups of cottages, almost savage in the gothic rudeness of their structure, their walls of huge unhewn stones coated with whitewash, their roofs of grey slate, steep, so as to ward off the snow and rain, with queer little dormers in them of the most antique and picturesque kind. Noticeable, too, on the way are numerous dissenting chapels, new and uniform in style, and apparently of the same date, and of recent erection, each bearing on its front some old Hebrew name, "Gilgal," "Moriah," "Horeb," and so on, probably the result of some wild outburst of religious revivalism to which the Cymry in their strong imaginative natures are prone. Within a few miles of Harlech we got sight of Sarn Badrig, the famous sea wall running out, it is said, some twenty miles into the bay, and which is supposed to have been built to keep out the sea from the low-lying coast lands which are now inundated. While we have been walking the wind has changed to the south, and from the sea a rain storm drives up through which we plod hastily to our destination. We have lost sight of the coast for a while, but, on rounding an eminence up which our road winds, come suddenly upon it again, and are in the presence of a scene to be remembered through many an after day. To the right, round the headland, perched high upon a rock fronting the sea are the grey round towers of Harlech Castle, looking weird and ghostly through the filmy rain-mist that drives about them. Beyond the castle a level tract of land runs inland by the shores of the Traeth Bach, away towards Festiniog, with a background of mighty mountains closing up the view. Overhead the sky is sepia, and across the waste of waters in the bay the storm-clouds mingle with the mist and rain, and white crested wave foam, dashed here and there with "wandering isles of light." Altogether the scene recalls to our remembrance that picture of Whistler's, styled "Sea and Rain," which was to be seen at the last exhibition of oil colours in the Royal Institution. We stay for a while to watch the fretful, changeful sky and sea, and

varied play of light and shade, then move on hastily (for we are wet and hungry) to the tune of the March of the Men of Harlech, which some one among us is crooning.

Presently we enter the mean little town, and rush into the jaws of the "Lion," where we find hospitable provision. Luncheon over, and the rain past, we sally out to see the castle. We find an old man in charge of the ruin, who admits us through a postern gate. We are shown the carefully guarded way, where portcullis after portcullis barred the entrance of the foe. Then we wander about the quiet inner court, where once was the kitchen, the banquetting hall, and chapel, climb spiral stone staircases that lead up into the towers, round whose ruined tops the jackdaws wheel in noisy flight, pry into what is left of guard-room, dungeon, and ladies bower, and then walk round the massive walls cushioned with grass and fern and bright with the flowers of the wild geranium, and looking round upon sea and shore, vale and mountain height, declare that it is one of the most wondrous sights we have ever seen. History records that there was a castle here so far back as 350, but the present structure was built by Edward I. in 1282 upon the walls of the old building. Here in his time came the fierce Glendower, taking forcible possession, and after him, for refuge when defeated at Northampton, the heroic Margaret of Anjou. Later still, in Edward IV. time and during the wars of the Roses, it stood a siege of seven years or more, holding out bravely for the house of Lancaster in the hands of Davydd ap Einion, a man of such martial prowess that his equally gallant opponent, Sir Richard Herbert (to whom famine compelled him eventually to surrender) insisted upon his royal master granting the Welshman his life and liberty, otherwise he should be placed again in his tower to be taken out by whomsoever could.

Returning to our inn, our host, who is a bit of a humourist, points out, among two or three people who are seated in the room, an individual whom he describes as a real Welsh bard, and to whom he vouchsafes the honour of an introduction. Our bardic freind, who bears the name of a mountain, under the shadow of which he was born, enters freely into conversation, which turns mainly upon the relative merits of Welsh bards and English poets. From him we learn that a bard of the true type is one who is master of the twenty-four rules of alliteration and rhyme, and who has an Isaiahical gift of inspiration and prophecy; that the Saxons never had a bard, not even Shakespere having any claim to that distinction, he being described as merely a dramatic poet. Tennyson is but a rhymester among many such, Byron and others included. The wordy war of argument gets hot and fierce, then subsides, and eventually we part in good humour. One of our party declaring he will walk no more to day, we hire a conveyance from our host to take us ten miles along the valley to Maentwrog, in the vale of Festiniog.

The evening is fine with a clear sky, and we rattle along pleasantly towards the mountains through low marish lands where the *fleur-de-lis* lights up the green with golden flame, and the heron wings its flight overhead; past rock and wood and stream; by the shores of the Traeth Bach, whose rocky sides our travelled friend compares to the Norwegian Fiords, while right before us towers Snowdon above the giant peaks of Hebog, Arran, and many another mighty mountain, until we enter the little hamlet of Maenturog, which lies at the end of the valley, and draw up in front of the "Grapes." No pleasanter or more cheery little inn is to be found in Wales than this one presided over by the Misses Lloyd. Standing under the porch in the front you face a rock mass, through which the road has been hewn, and above it a plantation of pines, underneath whose shadow in the subdued light you may see the scarred top of a mountain far up beyond. From the garden behind you look down the vale of Festiniog watered by the river Dwyryd, beloved of anglers. Here for the day our wanderings end.

MR. CARLYLE ON BOOKS AND READING.

The following letter was addressed, nearly thirty years ago, to an inquiring student by Mr. Carlyle, and was subsequently published in a little known local magazine:—

"Dear Sir,—Some time ago your letter was delivered to me; I take literally the first half hour I have had since to write you a word of answer. It would give me true satisfaction could any advice of mine contribute to forward you in your honourable course of self-improvement, but a long experience has taught me that advice can profit but little; that there is a good reason why advice is so seldom followed; this reason, namely, that it so seldom, and can almost never be, rightly given. No man knows the state of another; it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking.

As to the books which you—whom I know so little of—should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good, and universally applicable: "Read the book you do honestly feel a wish and curiosity to read." The very wish and curiosity indicates that you, then and there, are the person likely to get good of it. "Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities;" that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement, to our wishes and efforts in regard to reading, as to other things. Among all the objects that look wonderful or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope that one which looks wonderfullest, beautifullest. You may gradually find by various trials (which trials see that you make honest, manful ones, not silly, short, fitful ones), what *is* for you the wonderfullest, beautifullest,—what is your *true* element and province, and be able to profit by that. True desire, the monition of nature, is much to be attended to. But here also you are to discriminate carefully between *true* desire and false. The medical men tell us that we should eat what we *truly* have an appetite for; but what we only *falsely* have an appetite for we should resolutely avoid. It is very true: and flimsy, desultory readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, and mischief of all—are not those as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial, false desire after spiceries and confectioneries for their real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, far quieter, after solid nutritive food? With these illustrations I will recommend Johnson's advice to you.

Another thing, and only one other, I will say. All books are properly the record of the history of past men—what thoughts past men had in them, what actions past men did: the summary of all books whatsoever lies *there*. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named history can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books. Past history, and especially the past history of one's own native country, everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully; innumerable inquiries will branch out from it; he has a broad beaten highway, from which all the country is more or less visible; there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell. Neither let mistakes and wrong directions—of which every man in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many—discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding we are wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully to be right, he will grow daily more and more right. It is at bottom the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling and catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement! It is emblematic of all things a man does.

In conclusion, I will remind you, it is not books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge; that is your post: stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it, as all human situations have many; and see you aim not to quit it without being all that it at least required of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly, can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves for doing other wider things, if such lie before them. With many good wishes and encouragements, I remain, yours sincerely,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chelsea, 13th March, 1843.

An American correspondent says: Mr. Emerson, though past three score and ten, is to be seen walking daily about the streets of Boston.

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AT
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EVERY SATURDAY until OCTOBER 29th, 1870, RETURN TICKETS at the following low Fares will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON by any of the Ordinary Trains, available for Return by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.
	s. d.	s. d.
MANCHESTER	6 0	4 6
STOCKPORT (Teviot Dale)	5 0	3 6
STALYBRIDGE	5 0	3 6
GUIDE BRIDGE	5 0	3 6

In MANCHESTER, Tickets are issued at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly, and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, June, 1870. General Manager.

Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire,
AND
Great Northern Railways.

NOTTINGHAM RACES.

ON TUESDAY, 12TH JULY,
A CHEAP EXCURSION TO
NOTTINGHAM & BOTTESFORD
(FOR BELVOIR CASTLE),
Will run as under :—

STATIONS.	Time.	Fares to Nottingham or Bottesford and Back.	
	a m	1st Cls.	Cov. Car
MANCHESTER .....dep.	7 15		
STALYBRIDGE ..... ,,	7 15		
ASHTON..... ,,	7 19		
GUIDE BRIDGE..... ,,	7 28	10s.	6s.
NEWTON ..... ,,	7 33		
DINTING ..... ,,	7 43		
GLOSSOP ..... ,,	7 30		

Returning from NOTTINGHAM (London Road Station) at 7-30 p.m.; and from BOTTESFORD at 8-0 p.m. the same day; or on Wednesday, 13th July, from Nottingham only, at 6-15 p.m.

London Road Station, Manchester, June, 1870. R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

All Dunkerley and Franks' Umbrellas Are made on FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES. Being large Producers, *Dunkerley & Franks* are enabled to offer them at astonishingly Low Prices.
7, SWAN STREET NEW CROSS, MANCHESTER.

HIGH CLASS MEERSCHAUM PIPES, Paris and Vienna, at prices very little, if any, higher than those usually charged for ordinary qualities. SAMUEL LAMB, 20, CROSS STREET, Two doors from the New Exchange, Manchester.—First Qualities only kept in Stock.

FOREIGN & BRITISH SILKS.

RICHARD BATEMAN,
BRITANNIA HOUSE,
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Respectfully begs to announce that he holds a large stock of BLACK and COLOURED SILKS, in foreign and British manufacture, of guaranteed durability.
18 & 20, OLDHAM STREET, AND DALE STREET, MANCHESTER.

R. COWLEY-SQUIER, 24, Cross-street, will be happy to forward selections of New and Popular Music on approval—carriage free within ten miles. A well-assorted stock of Classical Music, as well as of the most Popular Music of the day. Litolffs and Peters' cheap works. Beethoven's 38 Sonatas for Pianoforte, 4s. 6d.; Mozart's, do. 3s.; Schubert's, do. 3s.; Haydn's, do. 1s. 6d., &c., &c. Fifty different Operas for piano solo, 1s. each.
R. COWLEY-SQUIER, 24, Cross street.

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BARRACK STREET, HULME,
NOW OPEN.—Admission 6d. and 2d.

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Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

All communications relative to Advertisements must be addressed, and Post Office Orders made payable to, "Mr. THOMAS POWELL, 55, Thompson Street, Shakespere Street, Ardwick, Manchester," who is sole contractor for the Advertising space.

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GIBSON'S { 23 GUINEA DRAWING ROOM SUITES

Of Settees, Two Easy Chairs, and Six Small Chairs, upholstered in Rich Rep; Rich Oval Centre Table, Chiffonier, with plate-glass back and doors and marble slab; Work Table and 50 by 40 Chimney Glass. All for 23 Guineas.

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GIBSON'S { 7 GUINEA LOBBY FURNITURE

Consists of Noble Hat Stand, with marble slab, mirror, and Two Hall Chairs to match; Well-seasoned Floor Cloth, say eight yards by 3 feet 9 inches; Two Skin Mats and Cocoa Mat. All complete for Seven Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 6 GUINEA KITCHEN FURNITURE

Consists of 6-feet Dresser, with Cupboard, Drawers, Kitchen Table, Four Chairs, and Arm Chair; Floor Cloth to fit. The whole for Six Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 3 GUINEA STAIR FURNITURE

Including twelve yards of Tapestry Brussels, Stair Rods and Eyes, and Landing Carpet, and Three Mats. Complete for Three Guineas.

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Consists of Noble Circular Mahogany Tudor Bedstead, Marble Slab Stands, with glass affixed; Mahogany Chest of Drawers, Four Mahogany Chairs, Towel Rail, Kidderminster Carpet, all wool, say twenty yards; Spring Mattress, Wool Mattress, Feather Bolster, Two Pillows, One Pair of Blankets, Quilt, and Pair of Sheets. The whole for 33 Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 24 GUINEA SECOND BED ROOM

Consists of Handsome Half-tester Iron Bedstead, with brass foot rail; Set of Maple-painted Stands, enclosed, with glass affixed; Noble Painted Wardrobe, 6 feet 6 inches wide, with two wings, drawers, and trays complete; Four Chairs, Towel Rail, Carpet, say twelve yards, Kidderminster; Palliasse, wool; Millpuff Bed, full size; Wool Bolster, and Two Feather Pillows, One Pair of Cloth Blankets, Two White Quilts, and Pair of Sheets. All complete for 24 Guineas.

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Iron Bedstead for two servants, Mattress, Bed, Bolster, and Pillows, Dressing Chest, Washstand, Glass, Two Chairs, three yards of Carpet, Pair of Blankets, Sheets, and Quilt. All complete for Five Guineas.

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Price 3s. 6d. per Bottle; requires NO PREPARED PAPER.

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Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying that your New Lithographic Writing Ink is a great improvement on any other kind I have seen, and that it is almost impossible to detect the copies from the original handwriting. I have every confidence in recommending it to your customers.

I remain, yours respectfully, *Pro* S. MENDEL, JOHN CLARKE.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Manchester, 7th December, 1869.

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DROEGE & CO.

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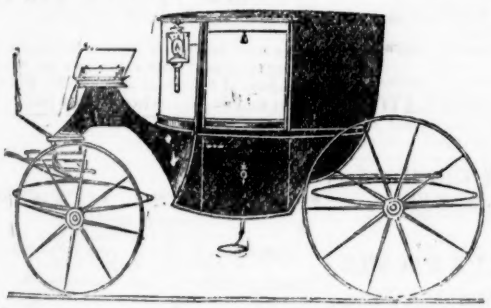
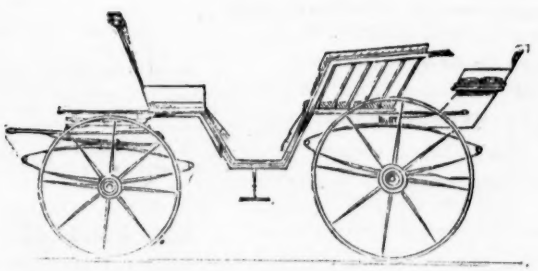
STRETFORD ROAD CARRIAGE WORKS.





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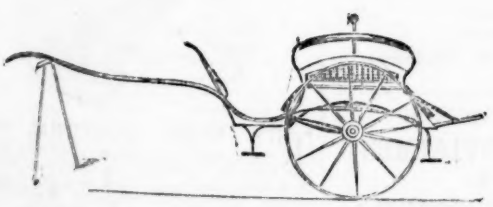

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Of upwards of
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JAMES LOWE'S,
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Near Piccadilly.

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AT OUR TEA ESTABLISHMENTS
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The Tea at half-a-crown is quite a favourite.
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PRICES REASONABLE.

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At the urgent solicitation of spinners and others, the Author (W. L. BROWN) of the above Glance has consented to publish it every Monday, on and after the 11th of July, provided he meets with sufficient encouragement.—Terms: Two-and-a-half guineas per annum, postage included; payable half-yearly in advance.
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TO LADIES.
ALL COLOURS MADE FAST
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A saving of thirty per cent on every Purchase.
TRADE SUPPLIED. PRICE LISTS SENT.

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T. SKINNER, Opposite Queen's Hotel, Piccadilly. } BATH CHAIRS for SALE or HIRE. The Trade Supplied.

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SATURDAY, JULY 16TH, AT WHALLEY RANGE.
Strangers' Contests.
200 Yards and Quarter Mile Flat Races,
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Open to Amateurs who are Members of Athletic, Cricket, and Football Clubs.
Entries close 9th July.
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In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free.

THE SILENT LOCK-STITCH
SEWING MACHINE.
Unrivalled for Family Use.
Noiseless in Movement. Easy in Management.
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Printed and Published for the Proprietors by JOHN HEYWOOD, of The Grange, Derbyshire Lane, Stretford, at the "Excelsior" Works, 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester.—Saturday, July 9, 1870.

J. C. EDWARDS, Tobacconist, &c., Manufacturer of the Piccadilly Smoking Mixture. Importer of Foreign Cigars, Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes. 107, PICCADILLY